Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her : ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir we have a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this ?
2 We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre* : when canſt thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*.
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leave it
At carefull nurſing : goe thy wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſervant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I have beene in many ; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead eare you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recover him : give this to the Apothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleeke upon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leave the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo ea
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much marvaile that your Lord
Having rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe ea
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe ; tis moſt
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, than Nobleneſſe an
Careleſſe heires may the two latter darken and ex
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God :
Tis knowne, I ever have ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Autho
I have together with my practiſe made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dw
In Vegitives, in Mettals, Stones : and can ſpeake
Diſturbances that Nature workes, and of her cure
Which doth give me a more content in courſe of t
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my pleaſures up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Powred forth your charity, and hundreds call the
Your Creatures ; who by you have beene reſtore
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But even your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Ce*
Such ſtrong renowne, as never ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that ?
Ser. Sir, even now did the ſea toſſe up upo
This Cheſt ; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let us looke upon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſir.